

The Box

by gnarled

Category: Halo
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2006-10-11 01:27:32
Updated: 2006-10-11 01:27:32
Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:45:00
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 780
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Red vs Blue Grif and his little box. Minor one sided fluff, Grif/Simmons.

The Box

Alright, first submission!

Please, PLEASE review this. I would LOVE some constructive criticism. Always looking for things to improve!

This is just some AU, one-sided fluff between Grif and Simmons. Don't we all love them?

Val

Blood Gulch. The most useless box canyon under Master Chief's supervision.

At red base we find Grif, dressed fully in his orange armor. He is currently walking around the back of the base towards the canyon wall and the dark peak that lies along it. This peak is unique, because it overlooks red base and the rest of the canyon, but anyone up there is not visible to the naked eye due to the large shadow it stands in.

As Grif is climbing this peak we speak of, he seems nervous. His helmet is always moving back and forth, like he's afraid something or someone may be watching him. He achieves his goal, arriving at the top. Though breathing heavily already, he looks around some more, and he actually is looking for something this time. Aha! - and he spots it, a misshapen rock marking the burial of his two favorite possessions. Three if you count the new addition made in the past week.

Quickly he gets on his knees and rolls the rock aside, heaving with

all his might. Perhaps it was not wise to choose so heavy a rock to mark the spot. Then he begins to dig with his gloved hands, soiling the previously gleaming orange-tinted metal, excavating a hole about one foot in diameter. In the central area of this hole is another glint of metal -- a different kind, one of silver. It too is soiled as Grif tugs at it until the ground releases it, the force rolling him on to his backside, in a sitting position. Immediately he flips up the visor on the front of his helmet to get a proper look at the item, revealing a smile of glee on his sweaty and grimy face. It is a box made of tin, and almost violently he rips off the top portion and sets it next to his right knee, admiring its contents.

It contains the three items we spoke of earlier -- a canister, also made of tin but topless, full of 100+ cigarettes, a six pack of stale beer, and a small chip from a piece of maroon armor. The first two he grabs greedily, fully stripping off his helmet in the process. A lighter is pulled from a locationless storage compartment in his armor as a cigarette is inserted in his mouth, and he lights it. Hurriedly he opens a warm can of alcohol with a loud _Pop!_ and chugs it inbetween puffs from the vile cancer stick in his mouth.

The beer finishes quickly, and the orange-clad spartan lets out a loud belch as he crushes the can in his fist. The cigarette still is not halfway burned, but he shoves the rest of the contents back into the tin anyway, including the lighter this time. He pauses slightly as he begins to put the lid back on to the tin, taking a small look at the maroon piece of armor before sealing it shut again. A sigh escapes his throat, as laden with worry as it was with sickly-sweet smoke.

He places the box back into the center of the hole, shoving the mound of dirt he had created back into its original place. He then swirls around the dirt a bit, to make it look like no one had been there. The rock is pulled slowly back over to its original resting place, and Grif mumbles something about getting a lighter rock to himself as he places his helmet back over his head.

"Grif!" Simmons yells from the top of red base, looking directly at the orange private. Grif slaps down his visor and begins to smoke inside his helmet, so that Simmons will not notice anything. Grif knows that Simmons' eye, his right eye, is cybernetic, therefore was probably seeing Grif as clear as day right now, though the visibility at that point was proven to be extremely poor. He glances over at the maroon spartan carefully, trying to act with all his might as if he had not been doing anything.

"Grif what the hell are you doing? Get down here, Sarge needs you." He hears the sarcastic tone in Simmons' voice, and sighs. He shakes his head, wondering what idiotic or suicidal mission Sarge could possibly give him.

"Coming," He replies half-heartedly, and begins to trot down the steep incline to the entrance of red base.

End
file.